The Lone Angel

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Summary: A sad story of my character, Tak.

Chapter 1: A Sad Fate

1 The lone angel

1.1 The story of Takuro Kaws

By Tak

At 5 years old, Tak's life is depressing. Depressing and tragic.

Tak's father never liked him much, partially because he was his adoptive father, but mostly because of his gifts. When your son creates a rain cloud, a hurricane, and then a spell to reverse it all, normal parents would be concerned. Some would try to help them develop it, like his mother, but if his father ever saw one snowflake fly from his hands, 23 lashings, today and tomorrow. However, his father started to drink. Moreover, he became violent and chased Tak with a gun in his drunken rage. Once, a bullet hit his shoulder, but he mended it with a ply spell. He was afraid to cross him during the day, at he ran from him at night. Things would go from awful, to horrible.

His father got a leg shot in, slowing Tak down. He caught up with him, and threw him out the window, screaming, "I'm finally free, you little bastard!" He then saw one room of the house go up in flame, then his horrified mother's scream. She was dead, his loathsome father alive, and his father threw flames at him, then ran away. All that was keeping him safe was a 3-foot circle and a lot of faith. He rocked himself to sleep soon after.

My 1st drama. R&R, peeps!

Chapter 2: A Dark Day for an Angel

I think I can understand Tak now. He will one day bare his sword, defy fate, battle with destiny, and discover what he really wants.

~ Pele's Worshipper

Chapter 2: Hell, repeated

Tak has been adopted by foster parents 5 years later, but for him, life is just one disapointment after another.

"Tak! Get your white ass down here, or I'll use the whip!" his father, Gerald, yelled.He tripped while running, so he couldn't reach him. "You're late. Any last words? I thought so. You feel lucky? Too bad. You get the chain whip today. Jennifer, your mother, should be coming up right now. JENNIFER! HURRY YOUR SLOW ASS UP HERE, NOW!"

"I'M COMING, YOU BASTARD!" she yelled.

/They're fighting again. I am therefore screwed/ thought Tak.

"So, I guess this is 35 whips? Or will you try to run away? Answer me, you little punk!" Gerald shouted. He then kicked him in the ribs and threw him against the wall. He then took the whip and lashed him senseless, which wasn't very hard at that point. Covered with cuts and bruises, his mother and father sent him back upstairs. They then started fighting again: "You insensitive bastard!" "You slut!" "You dick!" "You whore, I never should have married you!"

/Great. Now he's gonna come back up, and I'm going to need stitches./

"You caused this! You sad excuse for a human being caused all of this!!!" He then took out the torture of the day, the cattle prong whip. I don't think I should go into that. Really.

The next day, he heard a familiar voice behind him.

"Hey Tak! Oh, you playing sports again?" said Luana.

He paused for a few seconds before responding, " Yeah..."

/That excuse wouldn't fool anyone. She just dosen't want to ask anything that I might not want to say. I know we're the same age, but I don't think I can really talk to her. I'm just some weirdo with special gifts./

He was then stopped by a mysterious bangle (a/n: A bangle is a bracelet, like in FF7.). It had diamonds around it, and the bangle itself was made of jade. He put it on his wrist, and then he felt a strange power. He then heard Luana shout,"Come on! Is your leg hurt again?" He then ran up beside her. She then asked him something she shouldn't had: "You know you seem to always get hurt. Everyday I see you, you have more cuts and bruises. I think there's somthing going-" She was stopped dead in her tracks. He zoomed straight to school, as if avoiding her.

R&R

Disclaimer, before I forget: Luana is owned by Azu.

Chapter 3: The Dream

Chapter 3: The darkness

Tak walked twords Luana, who had a wide smile on her face. As he walked tword her, her grin grew wider. It seemed over-exagerated at that point, he thought she was happy to see him. Her grin grew wider, and as he closed in to embrace (a/n: hug) her, he saw her smile was one of contorted pain. Her features went rigid, then she became crystalline. He tried to reach out with all his power, but couldn't move. 2 streams of blood flowed from her eyes. She then shattered, and all he could see was darkness.

Tak woke up in a cold sweat. /Was it all a dream? Or a premonition?/

I know it's short, but it's the best I can give. R&R.

Chapter 4: Decent Into Darkness

Chapter 4: The Second Dream
I've been lazy. I'll start updating The Lone Angel, because writer's block for it has went WHOOOOOOOOOOSH!
NOTE: This was inspired the Yu-Gi-Oh! story 'The Changing Of The Past' by Snow Rabbit. Read it!
Tak quickly fell asleep again, this time looking at two TV screens. A young boy and a girl about 18 stood in front of him, one floating above each TV screen. The young boy was the first to speak up.
Young Boy: We are people you will meet later in life. I represent your greatest desire.....
18 year old girl:.....And I your greatest fear. Heed our words, and do not confuse the two, your desire and fear. We will start with the fear.
The TV screen on the left flickered on. It showed Tak all by himself in rags, not too different from his ones right now, and on a street corner, in the rain. People walk past him and scoff, and one man drops a 20 dollar bill for him. Tak quickly thanked the man, then went inside an alley to a cardboard box and climbed inside of it, then rocked himself to sleep.
18 year old girl: That is your worst fear.
Young Boy: I will show you your greatest desire.
The other screen flickered on, showing the young boy tending to an older Tak's wounds, the girl making food for him, and Tak laying down.Tak has a contented look on his face, then 4 more people come in. One is an egyption blonde, likely in his teens, another has a mask over almost all of their face except her eyes, with blonde hair. A few others were standing around, one that looked very similar to him, but all were concerned.
Young boy: That is your desire. You will find what it means later in life. So long for now, Takuro.

Tak then woke up. It was morning, as you would excpect, and he sighed. His father and mother had left early, fortunately for him, so he wouldn't have to deal with any abuse. He walked into the kitchen, and found all that was in the house was some cold chicken, which was his breakfast.
Tak: 'There has to be something else in life. I know it.'*Eats the chicken, cleans up, and gets into a rugby sweater and a pair of ripped jeans, his nicest clothes*
He then walked out of the house. He quickly walked to the school, frowning at the figure approaching.
Tak: 'Luana. Damn. I'll need to make another excuse.'
Luana: Hello, Tak.
Tak: Hello, Luana.
Luana: So, are you going to tell me how you got that cut?
Tak: *Trying to change the subject* I'm sorry, I have to-
Luana: I walked by your house, and I heard your father yelling at you.
Tak: What are you talking about? *Now quite nervous*
Luana: Tak, you can't hide it. I know they've been abusing you.
Tak: *Now teary eyed* I-I-I'm sorry. I have to go to class. Bye. *Runs off*
Luana: I need to talk to him. I can't tell the police until I find out more, or he might be hurt further.
~* In Tak's class *~
Tak: 'How am I going to apply laws of sound and motion in real life, anyways? I'd rather find a way to avoid my parents.....'
Teacher: *Now talking about how if you can alter you're breathing, you decrease overall sound*
Intercom: Could you please send down Takuro Kaws to the office for dismissal? Takuro Kaws?
Teacher: Go on. You are dismissed.
Tak: *Nods, then walks to the office*
~* In the office *~

A man tapped his foot, waiting for Tak, and had a scar on his right eye, and a twisted smile.
Tak: *Walking into the office, extremely wary that his parents might be taking him out of class to beat him*
Man: Hello, Takuro Kaws. I'm here to excuse you from class because I would like to run a few tests.
Tak: Such as?
Man: You'll see.
This was the last day anyone saw Takuro Kaws for 5 years.
R&R, and I'll be happy for ever and ever and ever.....

Chapter 5: Still Hanging

The Lone Angel

Written by Shadow and Dark Promise

Chapter five by the GS-Lifegiver, Azusasan
"Both a bird flying in the sky and a white flower

will return to the earth someday.

The earth accepts fire, ash, water and garbage.

They also soak into the earth.

I'm standing on the earth. I'm living on the earth were maggots and flower seeds

dwell."

~ Translated from Tomihiro Hoshino's floral poem, Stewartia Pseudo-Camellia

(Quick note: Tomihiro Hoshino was a man who broke his neck early on in his life and was paralyzed neck down. He was one of those really determined types, so he took a brush into his mouth, had a piece of paper placed in front of him, and began to write poems, essays, and drew paintings of flowers and other inspirational things. I personally find the Road of the Tinkling Bell, the book my mother owns, really inspirational, as his look on life is actually plain and simple, and he doesn't make it really flowery (Excuse the pun) or unbelievable. It's just a true outlook on life, which is why I like his works.)

Disclaimer: ...How is it three or four paragraph jumps end up only being like... one? That's so... ick. I'm going to complain to FF.net's staff, and you have my word on it. ::Nodnod:: Now, Taku-kun belongs to Shadow, Lu-chan belongs to me, and other characters are... I guess... Mine, because I made 'em up, but I'm guessing he'll be using some of those names later on. Get off your lazy arse and do another chapter, for the love of ye gods, Shadow! I had to write this for you! --;

The Lone Angel

He awoke at dawn. Plain and simple, he rose with the sun, the birds, the opening of the blossoms on the flowers. Except that there were no birds and flowers, just that damning orange sun filtering into his dirty room every morning. It was either wake up or get beaten with a riding crop with short spikes, so he always got up, pulled his clothes on and trudged downstairs. There was always some other kid that got beaten, but it had happened to him so many times in the past he didn't bother to stand around like the others and hoot as Rassen brought down the short whip with his meaty arms.

Now, on Rassen: Rassen was rather tall but also rather fat, said to be six- by-four by some of the other trainees. (Call him 'raisin' and die.) Personally, he respected Rassen to a degree, but only enough to follow his rules and learn -- or rather, get forced to learn -- about the ways of mercenaries and assassins. Rassen was the type that thought no pain was no gain, so he continually beat them if they lacked in any certain one area, or they were caught resting any more at noon break or other than allowed. He had felt those spikes

rake his skin more than twice, he could admit, but by the opinions on the other kids, some older and some even younger than he was, he was labeled a pet.

Rassen having a pet was by far the most outrageous thing any of them had heard -- six-by-four baldy having a PET? But Rassen knew of their schemes, beat them twice, and herded them off to exercises with a stick-like teacher with a hooked nose. Rassen had almost literally 'saved' Takuro, so the boy owed him a small debt. But Rassen cared not for any debts. He knew there was a fire within him, something special. Rassen believed in other-worldly spirits, though he gave no outward show of it, and he knew the kid would be an asset to him eventually if he were to be trained long and hard enough.

So, after a full two years out of his absence, Takuro was brought to a specialist that did not 'come cheap.' (He had to work double-time, so to speak.) The woman with one blind eye (Who claimed that she had lost the eye to a bear's claws) who smelled like garlic and perfume glared at him for a full half an hour, then took his palm, took a dagger, and ran a thin cut along diagonally. The blood was poured into a jar with some other liquid. Nothing happened.

But after the meeting, the lady took Rassen aside, whispered something urgently in his ear (With glances at him every once in a while), it was official that Takuro had some other things inside of him besides organs and blood.

That's when it changed.

~~~~~

A few years after his leaving, Luana chose to relocate to Vale. Vale suited her needs: It was quiet and undisturbed,
~~~~~

the villagers tended not to be all that nosy, and it was the last place he'd look for her.

Since he left, a deep well of anger had welled up within her - she hated him so much for leaving her, so that the villagers could pick on her and tease her so often. They always said he left because she treated him normally, but her normal reply to this was either silence or an icy glare that stopped them in their tracks. People began to think she couldn't talk anymore, so she left altogether, saying two full words while they watched on: "Good riddance."

Being around 'saviors of the world' somewhat calmed her tangled spirits, and even gave her a knowing of safety. While she couldn't fit in with the other adepts, she amused herself by getting into and breaking up a relationship with Ivan, stalking Felix, and making short trips to Tolbi in between. Eventually, her amusement came to an end, and she grew icy on the outside again. She still hated him with that ice cold fire.

Yet, somewhere in that pit of hatred and wrath, was a little voice that spoke out whenever she thought of him in a 'I'll-kill-you-first' sort of way.

/You miss him,/ it said. /You miss him and you're damned worried about him./

//I though little voices in my head didn't curse at me?// She snapped.

/Think again.../ The voice whispered, before drifting away.

Little voices never give answers, she thought moodily. Never.

/I'll tell if you'll listen.../

//Then talk, or be damned.//

/Hee!/

She sighed and glared out the window in a huff. //And I thought Garet was insane.//

~~~~~

All of sudden, at about four, our beloved Taku-chan's covers were thrown brutally off, exposing him to icy air. He was yanked up, and told gruffly to wake up and dress in five minutes, or the crop would be at him.

\\Why four?\\ He grumped as he rubbed at his face with the ever-freezing water. \\Everyone else is getting sleep, why can't I?\\

"Kid, if you don't get your ass down here this second, I swear I'll -- "

\\Yeah, yeah. Cut the crap already. I've been through worse.\\ He stomped downstairs, arousing a huge layer of dust out of the worn carpet.

"Why did you wake me up at this ungodly hour for?" He asked. He tended to ask these kind of questions when he was in a rebellious mood, which came about every other two days or so. The trainees wondered how he could be so rude and not get 'cropped.'

"Kid, if you want to repay that debt... You gotta work. Hard. Those 'powers' of yours will come in handy as an assassin."

\\Whoever asked if I wanted to be an assassin?\\

"Yeah. And?"
~~~~~

"And... You've gotta hone those skills of yours. You don't want tornadoes or earthquakes or gods know what else whenever you walk around, do you?"

\\It's a means of venting anger... Natural disasters. It sounds so appealing.\\

"I guess not."

"Exactly! So we're going to train you. Harder than before."

\\Great.\\

"Who are you putting me under? Not old Hookbill?"

"Hookbill's too old for anything. He just comes for what little we pay him. Nah, you're going under one of those mages. He's a friend of mine. Rather famed."

\\Famed?\\

"His name's Marceous, the BloodDrinker."

\\His mother must be proud of him.\\

"You might've heard o' him, maybe not. He's rather new. Anyhow, he specializes in the winds and fire. He might be of some help, but I don't think he can do anythin' about those spontaneous snowstorms you give us." He squinted, stroking his chin. "You'll train extra hard for the next two or three weeks, maybe. He lives back by Xian. Funny man, really... Say he's as quiet as the cat's shadow and quicker n' even the lightning he calls upon."

\\Those storms aren't spontaneous. They come every other week.\\

"Get to work, exercises first, then sparring with Mesh. Knives this time, kiddo, and I don't want you in the infirmary, you gotta do lotsa stuff before Marceous arrives." Rassen shoved him towards the door. Giving the man a glare, he trudged outside, where it was dark.

Phew. -_-;; That was something to write. And Rassen's name is pronounced 'rah senn,' not like raisin with a slur. Marceous (Where the hell do I come up with these names?!) is 'Mar kaos,' not 'Mar chaos' or 'Mar keeoss.' Wheeee... This oughta be a big shove for Shadow, RIGHT? ::Glares::

Taku-chan will also have a little inner voice later on. Maybe. If I write more chapters or if Shadow remembers.

[Stephanie: The crop-whip idea with the spikes was Azu's idea, NOT MINE!]

oo;; Whaa?

[Stephanie: Um...]

Stephanie! That was so your idea!

[Stephanie: *Pokes fingers together* She was saying that 'Only I can hurt the hell out of Takuro,' or something along those lines...]

o_o; Then I... ::Thinks:: I gave her half of my whip-collection!

[Stephanie: Luana is a very barbaric person. o_O;]

...We knew that already. --; Their intimate lives must be very... _interesting._

[Stephanie: Ew, bad images... *Runs off screaming about holy water*]

Go, please, for the sake of everyone. -_-;

Chapter 6: My Own Prison

The Lone Angel
By Shadow and Dark Promise
Disclaimer: I do not own the creature here, the Nemisis. It is owned by capcom, or more specifically, the development head of Resident Evil 3.

He woke up at 4 in the morning as was usual for him now. But Rassen wasn't here. He shook his head, not thinking anything of it for now. He rubbed the last bits of sleep out of his eyes. He quietly put on his pants, put on his shirt, and took his katana and clipped it to his belt. /Look for Rassen,/ his thoughts told him. //No, he might just be sick, or late.// /God dammit, you've known Rassen for two years, he can run in the snow with you and still not get sick. In a t-shirt and shorts./ Tak regarded his own commands and looked out his window. He then stood puzzled for a second, and looked at his room. It was different. Tak then ran out of the door and into the desert. It wasn't overly hot, and there were rain clouds in the sky. He thought he saw a string of letters went past him. Marceous the BloodDrinker smirked and waved at him. Tak walked towards him.
"Where the hell are we?" he asked, a cross look on his face. "At the end of time. This place is infected. It basically consists of nature's code flipped and reversed. I've infected the area with a matter destroying virus. The other trainees are alright, however, they will be stuck this way, frozen in time, until you can overcome the guardian of the seal. You can't die, you won't age, you won't tire, you won't need food or water." He then started to draw a circle on the ground. He wrote some odd looking letters on the ground, all of which started to glow in a pale blue light. "He can die, but you'll have a hard time getting that far. You know, if you can

defeat him, I may move you up with some of the others like yourself..... the fallen angels," he said, twirling his finger. Another stream of letters went right past Tak's head.
"If this somehow serves as amusement for you-" Tak started, but Marceous cut him off.
"This is not about the challenge, we both know you will succeed in that, but this is about your heritage. I can tell you are denying it. You are what you are, and there is no changing that," he said, smirking.
"I asked Rassen about your name. He said it's because you once drank a lich's blood and it gave you incredible magical ability. Is there any truth to this statement?" he asked, smirking right back.
Marceous looked at him with bitter contempt. "With my own 10 fingers I gained this skill, and you will have no more meddling in my affairs," he said, still trying to retain those last few shards of dignity.
"For such a powerful mage as yourself, you're quite naivé, a tad rude, and quite ignorant. I've been reading your memory for the past 20 minutes. So, you killed a family, drank the father's blood, and in a necrophiliac fashion raped the mother's body, and then finally threw the poor baby in the middle of a desert? For shame," he said, making a 'tisk, tisk' noise and waving his finger in a naughty fashion. Tak then smirked indignantly. "Where's this beast you think so highly of? Is it..." Tak then dashed faster than Marceous or the enviroment could adjust, and Tak left a small patch of singed earth when he stopped, behind Marceous. "Here?"
"How about I call him over here?" Marceous, carefully examining him, spoke quietly.
"Well, why the hell not?"
Marceous then started to grin as the earth started to crack, ala Grand Gaia. The monster rose up, and stared menacingly at Tak, its eyes glowing in anticipation. It's skin was a sickly brown, it had claws on it's left...umm.. hand, and it's right

arm was a bunch of tentacles. It stood 9 feet tall. Its mouth and right eye were stitched shut.
'It looks a lot better than Marceous,' Tak thought. He raised his katana in a defensive stance, bracing for its attack. The thing rushed towards him, and stopped three feet from him. It stuck its tentacles into the ground and they rose behind Tak's katana, that is, until he made a motion as if to decapitate himself and the tentacle, but he bent at the last second, creating a lightning arc over his torso.
"So, you've found a weakness in my beauty."
"Well, with what you have comparison to, I guess you could call it a beauty. Does it have a name?"
"Nemisis. It's from another dimension."
"What a pity. I was hoping he could stay long enough to give you fashion tips..." he said, glancing at the gray trenchcoat of Nemisis, and the orange robes of Marceous.
"Silence! Nemisis, destroy!"
The Nemisis took out a rusty, old rocket launcher and fired at Tak. Unfortunately, the tell-tale click told them all that it was empty. Plus, the small flashing red light with the word 'EMPTY' over it was another hint. It then chucked the gun at Tak, who jumped into the air, ran along the barrel to get up to Nemisis's face, and in a Matrix-esque fashion, launching him in to the air, comboing with multiple Cutting Edges, and as he fell to the ground, a Flash Bolt. The Nemisis writhed in the air, then fell to the ground, fried. It twitched once, and faded into nothing. Marceous took a look at his watch.
"In this world, it took you 5 m, 32.3 sec. to kill him. In the real world, it took you 2 hours."
"Figures."
"Now, I will return the camp to normal, and we will not speak of this to anyone. Not even to your friend Raisin, or whatever."
Tak felt a growl forming in his throat. The landscape shifted to normal. Tak then found a plow in his hands, with a note attatched: 'Better get started.' He then sighed and

summoned his djinn Kaze to work the plow while he planted the seeds.
~Fin
Nemisis: STAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS! (Trans: I wanna go home!)
Shadow: STAAAAAAARSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS! (For now, but you'll be back.)
Nemisis: STARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRS! (CHIKOUSUUUUUUUUUUU!!![DAMN YOU!])

Chapter 7: Symbiotic

The Lone Angel
By Shadow the Wavemaster (Pshh, no. It's actually written by his friend, Lady Adele. Shadow: You're just mad because Picard beat the ever-loving shit out of you as a necromage. LA: :p)
Disclaimer: I dunno. I don't own ANYTHING, except for this GBASP. Well, I do own one character, Yamakazi. But that's it!

Tak was now in a practice session with Yamakazi, the resident samurai. Also an underpaid teacher at this training facility, he specialized in sword skills and a small amount of Psyenergy. Also known as, to the less gifted students, he could teach Cutting Edge, Planet Diver, Death Plunge, and if they were good enough, Ragnarok. Few, if any, could master two of these skills, or get them to their advanced forms. To learn all four is an undertaking worthy of a king, and to turn them into an advanced form is godlike. Unfortunately for Tak, he had only mastered the first and third. He ain't perfect, y'know. He was quite proficient with his two that he had learned, and could pull of an occasional Planet Diver, but it would be a pathetic shot. He fired off a Cutting Edge at him, which he easily dodged. He threw a knife, which Yamakazi easily deflected. Two more knives, followed by a Cutting Edge, which Tak then used as cover for his dash in attempt. He blocked all three one handed, took out his sword, and hilt jabbed Tak in the back of the head as he tried to Death Plunge him.
"Hit me, mutant," he said monotonously. He taunted Tak, then hit him with his knee as he rose. Tak went down hard. He couldn't win...he'd lose... again... the silver crop whip.... Tak stood up and smirked.

"I'm trying to," he said, and started a high-low combination which would be almost impossible to reverse. 'Upper left, jab, parry, lower left, z-swath, knife to the-wha????' Tak thought as his combo was reversed. The keyword, boys and girls, is ALMOST.
"Quit trying to hit me and hit me!" He shouted, pushing him backwards. Tak's anger was rising, as Yamakazi had hoped. 'Let's see what he can do in full.'
'The blackness, keeping me down, must get rid of the darknes...something more than nothing....'
"You're worthless. You can't even kill one simple target. You're nothing..."
'Something more than nothing.....something more than nothing...' Tak started to say, his defensive stance fading into something more favorable, a zealous Plume Edge canceled into a Death Leap. "SOMETHING MORE THAN NOTHING!!!!!!!" he shouted, launching a pillar of water, furiously slashing, then, he tossed him into the air and swiped several times before spiraling back to the ground with him in a headlock, resulting in a gargantuan explosion, which would cause him to spend the rest of the day thatching... again..... He slowly backed away from the crater where Yamakazi was laying, twitching every now and then, but not getting up any time soon. Rassen, Marceous, and Sucre, the resident matron, all watched with approving gazes on a nearby cliff, save for Marceous.
"He's lucky. God damn lucky."
"I think we can send him on his first mission now. We have a nice specimen retrieval waiting in Suhalla."
Sucre sighed. "If only would could use his talents more constructively. His powers could be used to heal... For profit, of course," she added, trying to draw attention away from herself. "I could teach him, if you'd like..."
"Why bother? His only true talent should be used for offensive magic, not some of that weak pixie magic."

"I say let her teach him. He could save himself and prove to be vital to others on a mission!" Rassen bellowed.
"And as for those results on the blood?" Marceous asked, slightly licking his lips.
Sucre smiled. "They're a match, alright. The tear stone and sylph feather reacted, and for some odd reason, Orirachulum and Star Dust did as well...." she said, trailing off.
Rassen gave her a look. "You fall into the habit of leaving your sentences unfinished this morning."
"Sorry."
Marceous quietly looked his assosiates, and started a small fire, no bigger than modst lighters. He then snapped his fingers and it turned into a small inferno in his hands. He smirked. "I propose we put one of the more... unstable creatures for him to retrieve. After your pointless lesson, we'll send him on the mission."
A dark figure stood behind them, grinning, and said to himself, "Let the games begin..."

Shadow: Gah! you HAVE to end with some cliché vague crap! If they wanted more riddles they could've consulted a joke book!
LA: Whatever. Besides, you were too lazy to write....
Shadow: B-but....
Tak: Forget it. I'll just have to pick up ???? in the next chapter... What the hell?
Shadow: They won't let you spoil it by replacing spoilers with _____, ????, or (Blank).